

How Will I Make It?

Big L

Aiyo some people was born in heaven
With a silver spoon in they mouth
And had everything taken to them
On a silver platter
And never had to work hard for nothing
Then there are some people
Who was born in the opposite world, of those
Was born heaven, which is called hell
And had to work hard for everything they got
And never had nothing taken to them
And never will

I'm only at the age of ten
And life already seems to me
Like was heading to a dead end
Cause my mom was smoking mad crack
My pops went out for a fast snack
And never brought his ass back
Nobody knows how I feel
It's quite I'll that I have to steal
To fill my stomach with a nice meal
Too ashamed to walk the streets
Wearing the same cheap sneaks
And dirty outfit for weeks
Even my holidays got damaged
Cause on christmas I aksed Santa
For a father and a hot sandwich
I just can't take it
And everyday I aks myself
How will I make it?

It seems like my life been cursed ever since I was a child
And how will I make it?
I won't, that's how
I walk around with a frown I got no reason to smile
And how will I make it?
I won't, that's how
Aiyo times is rough I had to grow up foul
And how will I make it?
I won't, that's how
I always knew that I'll end up doing time on a L
And how will I make it?
I won't, that's how

Five years past by, now I'm on the age of fifteen
No more fun and games, it's time to get cream
Cause I'm about to burst, my life was cursed
I went to church prayed everyday
But everything still got worse
Soon I ran in to a couple of guns
Started stalking the streets late
Robbing suckers for funds
Now everyday I creep with the heat
Ain't nothing sweet
I rob for me, if I don't steal I don't eat
Then I lost control and started going too far
Robbed this brother named Umar

And got snatched by the blue car
Where I grew up it was a living hell
Then I started to realise
I'm better off in a prison cell
Now I can sleep, now I can eat
Can't hit skinz but I wasn't hitting skinz
While I was in the streets
Aiyo I just can't take it
And everyday I aks myself
How will I make it?

Doing time was full of stress G
All the fightings and stabbings
And men finding men sexy
One tried to test me didn't find it humorous
Beat him with a pillowcase skilled with cans of tuna fish
My time came to a cease
I'm back on the streets again
I hope I won't get snatched by the beast again
But it's getting crazy hectic
Cause I'm broke and up naked
In cagitive jar cause of my jail record
Before you know I was robbing them Saint Ducks
Even started robbing homeless folks for their change cups
My whole life was deserted
Either I'ma go back to jail or get murdered
But do I deserve it
All I try to do was live the one life that I got
But it seems that I can't get a fair shot
I just can't take it
And everyday I aks myself
How will I make it?

Word up man it's real rough out here man
In the ghetto all that remains for us is
Wait for a better tomorrow
But it gets no better it's only getting worse
Word up